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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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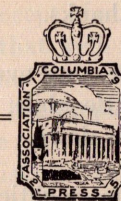
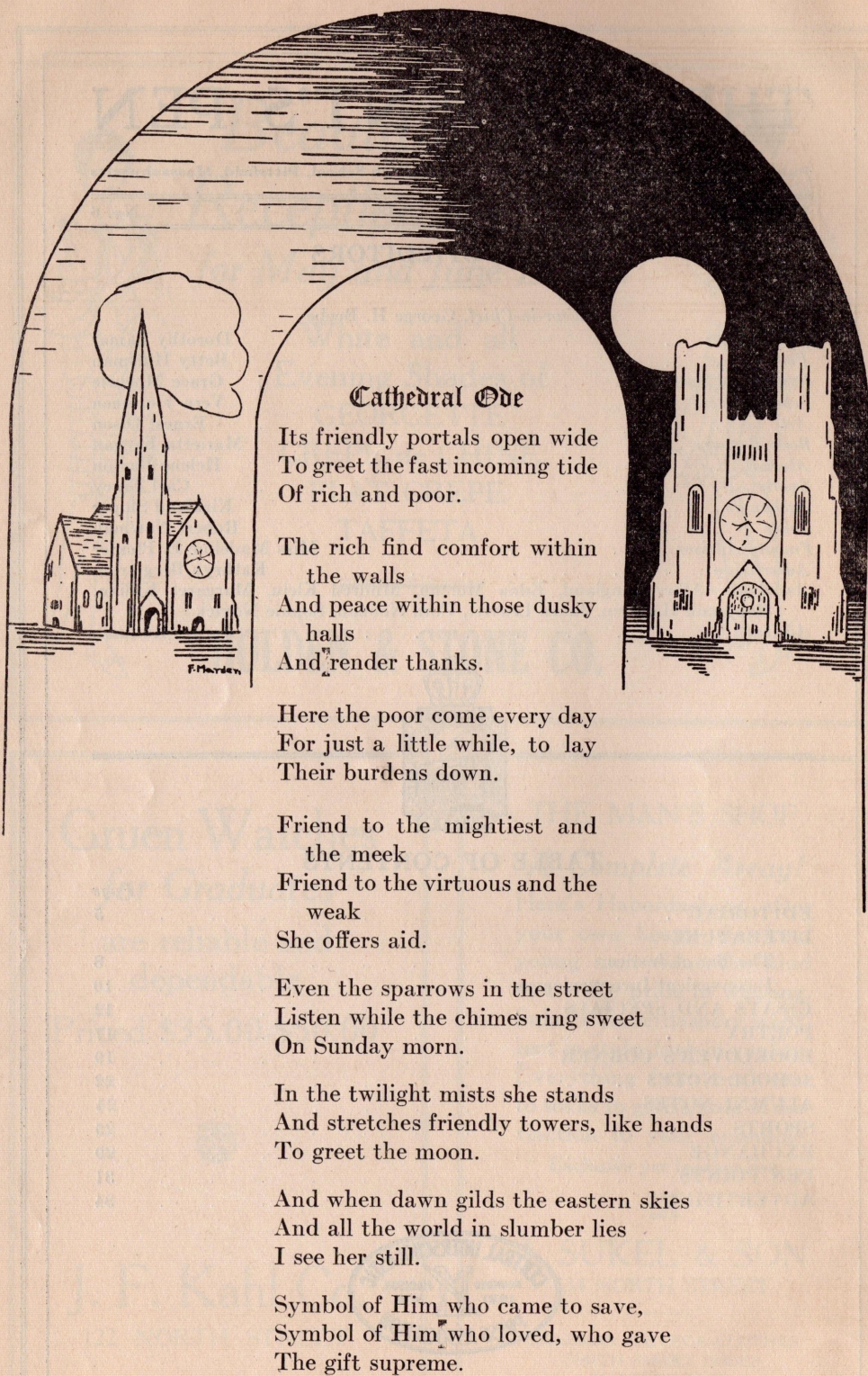


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Cathedral Ode

Its friendly portals open wide
To greet the fast incoming tide
Of rich and poor.

The rich find comfort within
the walls
And peace within those dusky
halls
And render thanks.

Here the poor come every day
For just a little while, to lay
Their burdens down.

Friend to the mightiest and
the meek
Friend to the virtuous and the
weak
She offers aid.

Even the sparrows in the street
Listen while the chimes ring sweet
On Sunday morn.

In the twilight mists she stands
And stretches friendly towers, like hands
To greet the moon.

And when dawn gilds the eastern skies
And all the world in slumber lies
I see her still.

Symbol of Him who came to save,
Symbol of Him who loved, who gave
The gift supreme.

Vera Victoreen '29



Spring

Youth of the year! celestial spring!
Again descend thy silent showers;
New loves, new pleasures dost thy bring,
And earth again looks gay with flowers.

Thomas Love Peacock.

SPRING has come and, with it, wonderful, warm days, balmy airs, and blue skies, which are dangerous rivals of Latin verbs, algebra problems, and history lessons.

The high school student finds that he must answer the call of one or the other and too often finds it easier to accept that invitation to go for a walk than to study those "useless Latin verbs that we'll never need to know."

It is only natural that boys and girls of high school age should fail to see the broader goal of life toward which the preparatory work in high school is leading them, for they are absorbed in the present. "Today" is more full of interest and appeal than the somewhere far-distant "future". Life for the high school student is in its springtime and is as interesting and wonderful as all the beauties of spring itself. Yet, it is in the spring when the plants are growing, that they should receive the most careful attention. With this, they develop strong and sturdy stalks that can withstand the beating force of heavy rains and winds. Thus it is, too, with the high school student whose character is in the most important stage of its development. The things that seem to him of little consequence may become habits too strong to break.

These spring days, when we are inclined to let things slip by undone, are the time to exert our powers of determination and concentrate to the uttermost.

The Editor

Why Not Sing?

"We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of."—Henry Ward Beecher.

WHEN can we not sing morning and evening, letting song meet song? When troubles come, sing and laugh them away. Man was made to laugh, for he was created to be happy. Are you acquainted with that person who is so genial, so kind, so radiant, that you instinctively feel in his presence that he does good, whose coming into a room is like the bringing in of a lamp there? There

really are such persons, for I have one among my acquaintances. God, it seems, has blessed her with a more imaginative, more cheerful, and humorous disposition than most persons. She might be selfish with these gifts, but no, everywhere she goes, she gives some of her gaiety to others. In her sense of the humorous, this girl has that which is worth more than money. She is one of those people who, if they can't get what they like, try to like what they can get. True, we are not all blessed as she is, but life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling with us.

"A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along."

There is nothing I like better, after coming out of a class feeling rather blue than to meet a person with a song or a smile on his lips. Somehow or other it just seems to cheer me up, to make it easier to go into the next class. I believe with Charles Lamb, that "a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

"After all there are only three things
That are really worth while:
To be good, to do good,
And always to smile."

X. Y. Z.

On Telling the Truth

"TELL the truth and shame the devil" is a maxim that is said to have helped our forefathers to decide what they should say when in doubt. It is only within a short time that the devil as a reality has ceased to exist and, since we no longer have this horned and tailed person to come after us when we do wrong, where can we look for a guide to the truth today?

But, come to think of it, I wonder if our forefathers always succeeded in telling the whole truth, even with the devil's pronged fork to help them along. They may have often succeeded in telling enough of the truth to deceive the "old fellow" but, when you come down to telling the whole truth, it's contrary to man's nature to stand for such an outrage. Did you ever hear of the game called "Truth" in which each person present is to tell fully and unreservedly what is in his mind concerning the faults of the others. Unless the players are a group of very broad-minded persons, it often results in an argument and usually the breaking up of the party. Most of us are not willing to hear the absolute truth of other people's opinions concerning us.

Not lying, but the reserving of part of the truth to ourselves is necessary to peaceful relations among men. The reason for this is the widely differing degrees of opinions among individuals. If we should insist upon always telling our whole view of a question, we would be making ourselves disagreeable to anyone

who was forced to listen and furthermore, few would accept what we offered as truth as long as it conflicted with their ideas.

We find it difficult to decide many times whether the truth or a little prevaricating is best suited to the occasion. There is nothing more helpful to a person who is broad-minded and willing to hear his faults, as other people see them, than telling him the whole truth. But on the other hand, if this person is not broadminded and you wish to number him among your friends, it is best to use a little discretion and keep your thoughts to yourself.

Wise Moon

The golden moon in queenly state
Looked down on us below;
And smiled a sad and tender smile
At us. We could not know.

For we lived in oblivion,
Were lost in ecstasy,
The wonderment how such a love
As ours—had come to be—

We could not know she pitied
Our young and frenzied love.
We thought she smiled in envy
From her lonely throne above.

But now—with our dreams shattered
We know the moon was wise.
She'd long seen tears—by someone else
Wiped from bewildered eyes.

Virginia Selater '28

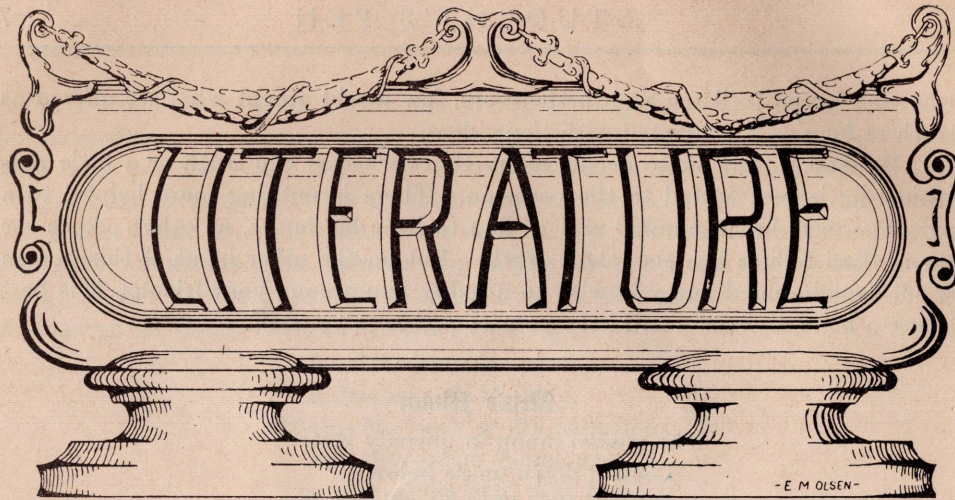
Paeon

O Wind, awake the poems in the pines
And set them singing thru the starry air;
And try to fit their message into lines
Which you may take and carry everywhere.

O Moon, awake the dryad in each tree
And call her out upon the green to play—
To sing her lonesome paeon unto thee
And dance some swanlike dance till break of day.

O Spring, call forth the pipes of Pan once more
And let them play old songs made new and fair.
O Wind, awake the poems in the pines
And set them singing thru the starry air.

Helen Pfund '28



The Bar of Justice

THE boulevard along the Volga was deserted. As a rule, in the early evening, many loiterers hung over the rail and gazed into the black waters of the river or out at the sunset. Some lingered but a few minutes before returning to their miserable homes; others waited until after dark before seeking their underground haunts. However, this evening, the darkness and the biting wind had driven them away and only an occasional figure, late from work perhaps, struggled through the blinding force of the wind and sleet and then suddenly disappeared into the gaping mouth of a dark side street.

A gleam of light flashed for an instant upon the pavement as a dark figure pushed open the door of a small shop, and then all was blackness again behind him. Inside, in a narrow, dimly lighted hallway, the figure, a young man, straightened up as though stiff with cold and removed his coat and hat. He stood still for an instant listening intently. A smothered sound, like sobbing, broke the silence. He took a few steps to the door at his right and tapped gently upon it, whispering softly, "Anna?"

"Ivan", a voice answered with a tone as of great gladness in the midst of sorrow.

He opened the door and a pale, slim girl with black hair, arose from a couch where she had been lying. She tried to brush away her tears, but could not conceal the despair written upon her sad face.

"I thought you were not coming back to your room here tonight," she said, "and I was terrified to stay here alone after what I have been through today. The samovar has been boiling for a long time. You must be very cold. Please sit down and have some tea."

"Thank you, Anna. This day has been hard for us both," he said, as he took the cup of tea she had poured for him. "You know, my heart was with you this afternoon when you buried your father. I suffered for you, Anna, oh, how I suffered, and all the time I must keep counting, counting money to fill the already bulging pockets of Sergei Seminoff. They say he is kind, that he sympathizes with the poor man. But I ask where is the evidence of it. A palace, coaches, servants, fur coats he has and I, I—!!

"Sh, please, Ivan, don't let your bitterness get the better of your feeling tonight."

"But, Anna, if some of it were mine, we—." He bit his lip and began to drink the tea.

The girl watched him. When he had finished, she poured him another cup. Neither spoke, as though they feared to say what was in their thoughts. Finally, she broke the silence.

"I sold the shop and furniture this morning for enough to pay the debts. I must get out tomorrow. Have you found another room for yourself?"

"No, I had forgotten that I must leave. My life here with you and your father has been so pleasant. The future is dark."

"My life too, has been a happy one with my dear father. But those days are over now. What does the future hold for me? The wife of Leonif Ilynski? Bah! I hate him and the money with which he wishes to buy my love. He is coming tonight and I am afraid of him, Ivan. I am glad you are here. Anything is better than marrying him, though I have scarcely enough to keep me alive for a half a year."

"Anna, you mean that?" He arose excitedly and went towards her. "Would you be happy with the little I can offer you?"

"Ivan, mere existence with you would be heaven."

Somewhat later in the evening the two started out through the storm to go to the priest. As they closed the door of the shop, a figure appeared out of the darkness. At the sight of him, the girl grasped Ivan's arm tightly.

"Anna," the man said, pushing a muffler away from his mouth, "where are you going?"

Ivan answered him. "Anna and I are going to the priest to be married. Let us pass."

The man made an angry movement.

"You crazy girl," he said, "you cannot. You are betrothed to me, do you hear?" His voice was drowned in the roar of the wind.

The two started to pass him. He wheeled about fiercely and seized Ivan's arm.

"If you do this," he shouted, "you will regret it. I shall crush you, you—."

But they went on and his threats lost their strength before they left his lips.

That winter in Russia was hard. Food was scarce and fuel was too expensive for the poor. Men were driven to desperation by hunger and want. Anna and Ivan, living in one miserable room, suffered greatly and Anna, who had never been strong, caught cold and day by day became worse. To keep her as comfortable as possible and to pay a doctor were beyond Ivan's meagre means.

One night he met Leonif.

"Ah, Ivan," said Leonif heartily, "I'm glad to see you. I've wanted to tell you for a long time how sorry I was about the way I acted that night, but then, you couldn't blame me for being disappointed, could you? If I can ever do anything for you, stop in at the 'Turning Wheel'. Sometimes, when you're short of money, a lucky turn of the wheel helps out a bit, doesn't it?"

Ivan nodded and went on. The meeting meant nothing to him. When he reached home he found Anna worse. The most he could do was to rave within himself at his helplessness.

The next night, on his way home, he noticed a bright sign, "Turning Wheel". The last words of Leonif came back to him. He entered, his pay envelope in his

pocket, and played in desperation. He won, and won again. Overcame with joy, he rushed out and bought fuel and some dainties for Anna, but she was too weak to notice them. Next day he brought a famous doctor to see her who advised her immediate removal to the hospital. Ivan, realizing that it meant her life, consented, and continued to spend his evenings at Leonif's in order to meet the expense.

Then something happened. He began to lose. Although he was lucky now and then, his losses swallowed up his gains. His wages were not enough to keep him going, so he managed by changing the figures on the account books of his employer, with the intention of making it up, when his luck returned.

One day Seminoff summoned him. He stood before the great man, numb with the horror of what he knew was coming. Seminoff was speaking. His voice was kind and Ivan noticed for the first time that his employer's eyes were thoughtful and understanding.

"Ivan, I have here a letter from an unknown person who says that you have been stealing money from me. I have sent to ask you if it is true."

Ivan smiled bitterly. "It is true," he said.

"Why did you do it, Ivan?" Seminoff asked.

"My wife, my Anna, was hungry and sick and cold. I could do nothing for her so I gambled and won for a while. Then I lost and I had to have money to keep her at the hospital, so I borrowed. That is all. Where is your justice?"

Seminoff laid his hand on Ivan's shoulder.

"You are standing now before the bar of justice. Go back to your work. I shall see to it that your wages are increased so that you may return what you have taken and enough to meet the expenses of the hospital."

Ivan raised his head and looked straight into the sympathetic face. "I never knew before. I never understood. I thought you were hard and grasping. There is feeling even in the heart of a rich man, isn't there? If Russia only knew it!"

George H. Beebe

Inconvenient Conveniences

FOR a long time Jakie Klotz had wanted to sell his old home. To all appearances, Jakie's home life in this old house was all that his Yiddish heart could desire, but this was not so. Jakie was dissatisfied. In the first place, he didn't like his neighbors. On one side of him lived Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Flinnigan, who continually terrorized the community with their outrageous brawls. It was not an uncommon event in the lives of the Klotz family to be interrupted at dinner by the untimely entrance of a brick through a nearby window, announcing the opening of a fresh battle between Mary and Pat. But this was not all. Jakie liked modern conveniences, and the conveniences in the Klotz home were anything but modern. In fact the house was so far behind times that it boasted an iron sink, a dirt cellar, and a tin roof. So you see, Jakie had two pretty good reasons for making a change.

The first prospective buyer who came to look at Jakie's house seemed to be very much impressed by the place, but alas! Jakie was doomed to disappointment. For no sooner had the "prospect" poked his head out of the dining-room window to take in the view, than his advance was checked by an onrushing procession of crockery, coming from the direction of Pat Flinnigan's kitchen window.

This dramatic scene was enough to convince the "prospect" that the view, as well as the house, was quite undesirable, and, as a result, Jakie was obliged for the time being to give up his hopes of living in a new home.

And then one day a strange thing happened. Jakie had a visit from another "prospect." And this "prospect" was most agreeable. In fact, he was so agreeable that Jakie thought he must be the living answer to his prayers in the synagogue. This buyer actually offered to take Jakie's house in exchange for a brand new house in a fashionable location, without asking any questions. Jakie was stupefied at the proposition, and accepted it even before he saw the picture of the fine new house in Monkeytown Road. So the deal was closed, and Jakie and Rosie Klotz and their son, Ikie, prepared to go to their new home.

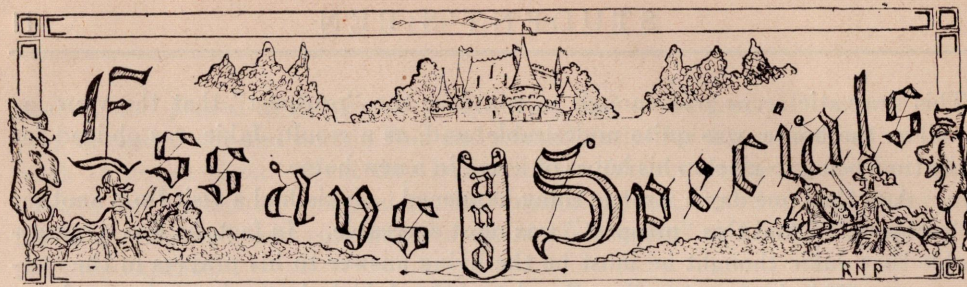
On a bright spring day the Klotz family arrived to take possession of the new house. They were so amazed at the sight of the fine dwelling that they did not notice the queer smiles which their new neighbors directed at them. Perhaps, if they had been more observant, some of the things which afterward happened would not have been so unexpected. When Jakie proceeded to open the front screen door, he was surprised to see that it was off its hinges, and that it was only leaning against the house. But this could be fixed all right, so Jakie set it up in a corner, and then grasped the inside door knob in an effort to open this door. But alas! the door-knob fell off, and the door had to be opened by force. By this time Jakie had become rather irritated, so he decided immediately to look around, and see if there were any other defects in the house. He turned the electric light switch in the living-room and, to his dismay, found that, instead of lighting the living-room, he had illuminated the kitchen. He turned every other switch in the house, and found that in every case, he lighted a room other than the one in which he stood. In the bath-room the switch turned on the shower, and the shower-control turned on the lights. What could this mean? Jakie was exasperated. On the way downstairs Jakie happened to lean slightly on the bannister and as he did, the contraption folded up, as nicely as you please, and rolled downstairs, and Jakie went with it.

When he finally reached the kitchen, raving and roaring, he discovered that Mrs. Klotz was also having her troubles. She had turned on a faucet in the sink, in order to extinguish a burning match, but, instead of putting out the match, she had lighted the gas, for this faucet was not a water faucet but a gas faucet. Did you ever see one? After this she had turned the gas control on the gas range, and water had spurted up into the air, like the "fountain of youth." Now she was attempting to wash the tile floor, but she was, in reality, washing off the tiles. They were evidently the kind of tiles that can't be washed without disappearing, at least, so it would seem.

By this time, Jakie was overcome with rage. He was so angry that he wanted to bite his fingernails and tear his hair. He was so angry that he wanted to shed choice, Yiddish, tears. And when he went to the telephone to call a plumber, and found that the wires were not connected, he could control himself no longer. The tears came, and, for all I know, they are still coming.

However, there is one thing of which I am certain. The very next day Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Flinnigan moved in next door to the Klotz family, thus making the latter's happiness complete, with their fine, convenient, new home, and their most desirable new neighbors.

M. J. S.



"Oh Doctor!"

(with apologies to Wilson Dunham)

LITTLE did I think on reading Wilson Dunham's masterpiece in last month's issue that very shortly I, myself, would be a victim of a pill-peddler! But such is my cruel fate, and here I lie, a martyr in pink pajamas, flowered dressing-sac, and orange and blue "headgear". I will be brave, however, and bear the blow that Fate has so villanously thrust at me. (I am like that).

My chief concern is my lessons. How I worry over them! I gaze at the clock—eleven. The class is just having Latin—delightful recollection. If I were only there! But as it is my lot to recline on this couch of pain, I must console myself by doing the only thing possible. My fingers trembling with joy, I grasp my beloved Latin book, and although ever and anon my frail being is shaken by severe spasms of pain, I eagerly translate the next eight pages of Cicero.

Having accomplished this little task, it is with reluctance that I abandon my studies for some magazines that well-wishing friends have brought. Aha, this looks interesting—"The Sportsman". I turn the pages idly—I am still thinking of Latin—when suddenly my eyes nearly pop out of my head. I turn frantically to the cover—August, 1897. Well, no wonder! The reason, dear reader for all this excitement is a picture entitled, "Stylish Bathing Costume of Pink Flannel". It looks something like my pajamas except that it has a full skirt reaching well below the knee.

Bored by such a scandalous magazine, I toss and turn in my bed until I remember that I have to take a pill. To say "pill" is putting it mildly; it more closely resembles a cannon-ball. After my drinking a half-gallon of water, the "pill" is quite comfortably lodged in my windpipe, so I give up.

I abandon myself to reverie. I see myself pale and wide-eyed, lying among my pillows, a sweet smile of resignation on my face. Sitting up in the bed with sudden inspiration, I grab a mirror and behold a pair of wild eyes staring at me from a red face, especially so in the vicinity of the nose—nothing dangerous I assure you—and a head that looks like an Indian war-bonnet. Oh, doctor!

Grace Mochrie

On Counting Rests

MANY of us have heard a huge symphony orchestra perform and have marveled at the skill of the players. Perhaps you have heard a piece wherein the cymbal player, apparently on the stage for ornamental purposes only, suddenly comes to life and gives his instrument one loud, triumphant clang,—after

which, he calls it a day. Have you wondered how it was possible for him to be building himself castles in Spain for forty-eight measures of rests, and on the third beat of the forty-ninth, awake to astound the wondering audience on the first stroke of the fiftieth measure? So did I, until one day, I discovered his secret. No, he doesn't count each and every individual measure at every rehearsal. Such an idea involves too much labor for such a lazy man as a cymbal player is bound to be. He does, it is true, count the first fifty measures at the preliminary playing of the piece, but after this,—no more. When he reaches about the forty-fifth measure, he looks around at his fellow musical maniacs. Ah!—the bassoon player is playing a solo passage,—now he is playing a cadenza with a trill on the end (they always do) and as the forty-ninth bar, on the third beat of the trill, is reached the bassoon player's little Vandyke beard sticks out obstinately, while the bassoonist struggles for a high note. So the little Vandyke is as a flag to our cymbal player. He dozes off until he hears the bassoon solo, listens for the trill, on the third beat of which the faithful Vandyke pops up and our hero waits for two more beats, and then—crash! And that is how it goes. One night, however, the bassoon player, having heard a lecture on "Bacteria and Their Resting Places," decided that after all, his beard was only a boarding house for so many bacteria, and that it would be a humane thing if he shaved this erstwhile signal off. He had a concert that night. The next morning he was found dead in his bed, while the cymbal player bought himself fifty dollars worth of railroad tickets and was never seen in those parts thereafter.

Do not think, however, that the cymbal player is alone in this laziness. Take, for example our friend the third trombone player, an up-and-coming young fellow, but apt to follow the line of the least resistance. While playing the Meistersinger Overture, he noticed that at the extremity of one of his long rests, the single hair on the clarinet player's otherwise smooth and unruffled head stood up as though excited over something or other. Two beats later our third trombonist comes in with a worthy blare. So, you see, it's not so hard, after all.

J. F. Moore

The Master's Music

IT is evening. The last rays of the dying day give a soft touch to the simple, rudely-constructed room, in which sits a man playing sweet notes upon a quaint harpsichord. His face is upturned—a tired face—his eyes closed in the peacefulness of rest at the end of a long day; a smile is hesitating in the corners of his mouth. The music grows from his hands, a pouring out of his soul in glorious beauty of feeling; the tones are the master's very thoughts, seeming to come from a source higher even than himself for the notes are an expression of holiness. Then suddenly the music becomes minor and sad, the hesitating smile withdraws as though some dark thought had crossed his mind . . . Gradually the night gathers, until at last only the lessening sounds of the harpsichord remain to penetrate the darkness.

Anon. '30

"Recovering from a Love Affair"

HAVE you ever recovered from a love affair thinking "what a grand and glorious feeling it is to be free once more"? Have you ever thought what a pleasure it is to be independent of a woman's skirt; or have you dragged yourself wearily homeward thinking that it would be a pleasure to die?

I think almost every one has had a Mary or a Sally whom he has loved and lost, or whom he has "thrown down".

Wasn't it a terrible feeling when you said good-bye, and waited silently for her to give in, which she would never do? In fact, have you ever seen the woman who would give in? You probably left her after a while, feeling that there was nothing in the world to live for. Presumably, your first thought was of the gas-jet, or the river down back of the house. Which would be the easier method of "ending it all?"

On arriving home on the evening of the fatal sentence, you most likely went into the kitchen, shut all of the doors and windows, pulled down the curtains, opened the oven door, and were just preparing to put your head in the oven, when your mother called to ask if you had got your feet wet. Thus, the spell was broken. You lost your nerve. You decided to wait until tomorrow to die; it would be so much more pleasant to die in the daytime, for the furnace had been shut off for the night and it seemed awfully cold.

That night, it must have been practically impossible to sleep because of dreams of your lost love. Couldn't you see her walking toward you with arms outstretched, and eyes that were filled with lovelight? How could you ever live without her!

The next morning, how did you feel when you crawled from your bed with love forgotten, only to see your sweetheart's picture confronting you on the bureau? Alas! today is the day that you are condemned to die. You hastily run to the bureau, and picking up the picture, gaze at it mournfully for half an hour. Then you grit your teeth, take one last look at the smiling face that is driving you to destruction, and tearing the picture to bits throw it behind the bureau.

Determined to hide your torn heart with a brave smile, you go to breakfast, only to find that you cannot possibly swallow. Everything clogs in your throat, and your mother, thinking you are coming down with the croup, instantly calls the doctor. Alas! now you cannot die today, because you will be constantly watched by your mother.

The big question now is, what to do. You are patiently engaged in trying to solve this problem when the telephone rings. Joy and heart throbs begin together, for you think that Sally has relented, and decided to forgive you. You instantly jump up from the table nearly stepping on the cat, in the attempt to reach the telephone before your mother. Finally, having won the race for the phone, you pick up the receiver, and in the sweetest possible voice say, "Hello." Then you receive the surprise of your life, for instead of hearing the gentle voice of your beloved, you hear the gruff tones of the plumber, asking if it is all right to come up this morning to thaw out the water pipes. You collapse; the shock is too much.

For two days, you are confined to your bed, always waiting, waiting, waiting, for word from Sally. But alas! no word comes, and you are despondent. Finally, recovering from your illness, you return to school, glorying in the thought that you can at least see her. When you enter the classroom, the first face that your eyes seek out is the face of Sally. But, where is she? Her customary seat is empty. What has happened? Then, you hear some of your classmates talking about her. What are they saying? Horrors! they are saying that Sally has eloped with George Shields. Immediately things begin to go around in circles, and the next you know, you are home in bed again, feeling worse than before, and fully determined this time to die.

Things go on like this for some time, in fact, until you meet the little blonde at the Junior Prom. Strange, you instantly forget Sally, and begin to talk about Mary. It's Mary this, and Mary that, and Mary here, and Mary there, in fact, Mary everywhere, until you suddenly find yourself "in love" again, and well on the road to recovery from your affair with Sally. *M. J. Surette '28*

Home Sweet Home

HOUSECLEANING is enough to spoil the temper of any saint, and Father is no saint. The moment he becomes aware of what is going to happen, his cheerfulness vanishes, and there stands before us a new person, a man who feels that the sunshine has banished from the earth, and has left behind an extremely gloomy place. The disappearance of his favorite pipe and brand of tobacco is usually the cause of his first outburst. For an hour the battle rages and then comes absolute silence. However, it does not last long, for the misplacement of his old shoes, which are finally found down cellar, leads to his second explosion, followed by many later ones. Throughout the week, uncooked meals only add to his displeasure and misery, and he "thanks his stars" that house cleaning comes but twice a year. He believes that there's no place like home, but this season is the one exception. *Elizabeth Enright '31*

"People"

THERE are three principal ways in which poems appeal to us. Sometimes the subject matter gives us new ideas, or reveals to us ideas which we were not aware we had. Sometimes the method of expression or the form of the poem seems especially beautiful or ingenious. Sometimes the poem applies peculiarly to our lives or coincides exactly with our theories. It is for this third reason that I like "People", by Frances Cornford.

Considered from a purely technical standpoint, it is a very well-constructed poem. The rhymes and meter are flawless; and although the couplet may not be the most original verse form, it has always received the sanction and even the commendation of authorities. But while perfection of form may command our respect, it does not insure our liking of poetry. The outstanding feature of this verse is its theme—namely, the impenetrability of one human being to another. We may see surface manifestations of feeling, but we never know what goes on in the heart; we may consider actions, but we can never be sure of the motive behind them.

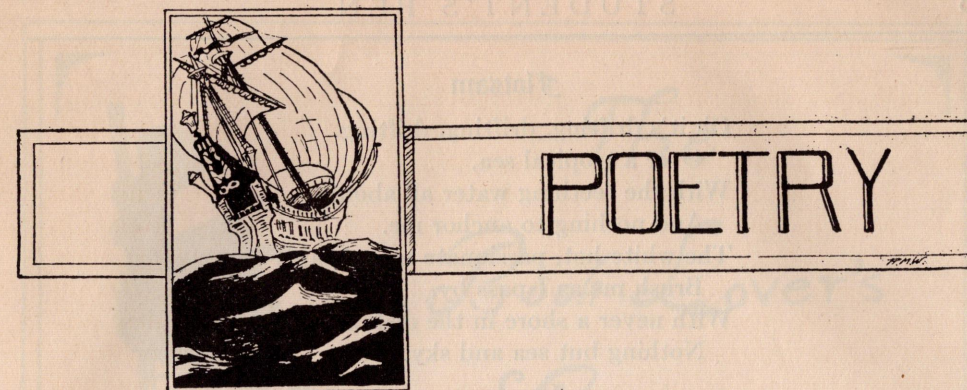
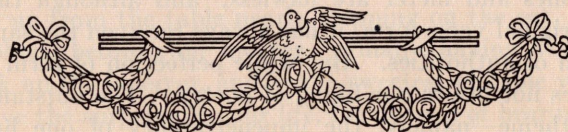
I shall never forget this poem. It expresses, by means of a very appropriate and artistic simile, what, to me, has always seemed at once the blessing and curse of our lives. We would enjoy our triumphs much less if we knew which of our friends were jealously thinking that our gains were unfairly obtained. Our defeats would be immeasurably more bitter if we knew that someone was thinking "I told you so". And if we could look right into everyone's heart, there are few people from whom we would not turn, repelled in some respect. On the other hand, think of all we miss by never really knowing anyone! Talent concealed by lack of aggressiveness; sympathy which cannot be expressed tactfully; desire for our friendship, unknown to us because the person does not know how to voice it. If we could really know people, there could be so much closer friendship; and yet, could friendship exist at all?

These are the thoughts which come to me when I read "People". Read it, and see if it affects you the same way:

"Like to islands in the seas
Stand our personalities,—
Islands where we always face
One another's watering-place.
When we promenade our sands
We can hear each other's bands;
We can see, on festal nights
Red and green and purple light:
Gilt pavilions in a row,
Stucco houses, built for show.

"But our eyes can never reach
Further than the tawdry beach.
Never can we hope to win
To the wonders far within:
Jagged rocks against the sky
Where the eagles haunt and cry;
Forests full of running rills,
Darkest forests, sunny hills;
Hollows where a monster lowers—
Sweet and unimagined flowers."

Helen Pfund '28



Spring

The dying sun sinks in the west,
Its crimson bathes the evening sky.
The birds fly swiftly to each nest,
On carefree wings, with joyous cry.

Beside me flows a silvery stream,
In every splash it breathes a song
Of joy; its sparkling waters gleam
And flash as it babbles ever on.

The trees their emerald garments flaunt,
They, too, seem full of happiness
The lilac bush, once grey and gaunt,
Now wears a perfumed loveliness.

I gaze on Nature's charms, so fair,
Thrilled by the splendor of each thing.
And for them all I send a prayer:
Oh, God, we thank thee for the Spring!

Grace Mochrie

When I Am Gone

When I am gone and shall not come again,
Some other feet will walk this road along,
And stir beside the path hot clouds of dust,
While loud against the wind will rise a song.

They will not know that I have been this way,
And challenged the distance with a do and dare;
They will not know the path they take was mine;
They will not even wonder—no, nor care.

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29

Flotsam

Oh it's drifting, drifting, drifting,
Over a tropical sea,
With the seething water all about
And nothing to anchor me.
The white-hot, passionate moonbeams
Brush me as I pass by,
With never a shore in the distance—
Nothing but sea and sky.

Oh it's whirling, whirling, whirling,
Caught in a vortex deep;
Nothing can rescue me but death—
Stronger than wine or sleep.
The long, soft-fingered moonbeams
Musingly stroke my head;
How long, O sea, will you torture me?
How soon shall I be dead?

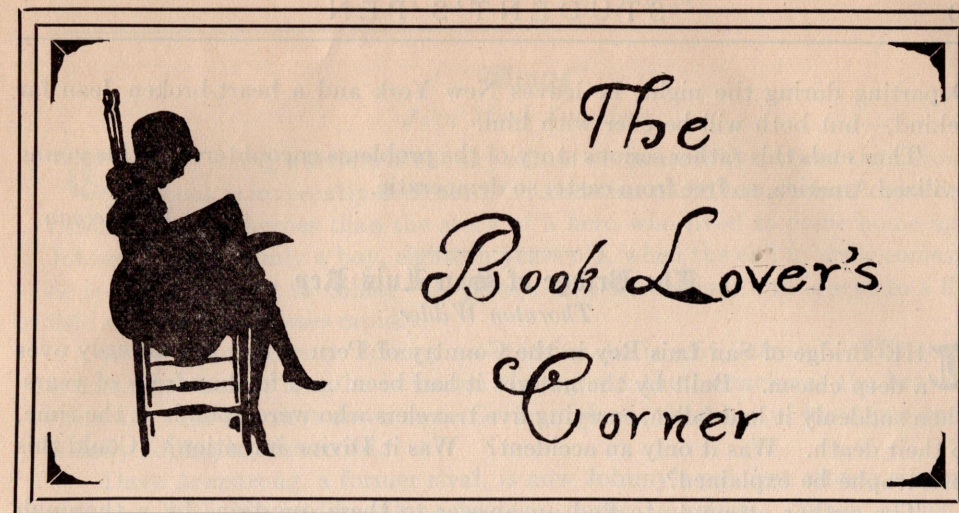
Oh it's sinking, sinking, sinking,
Into an arctic sea,
With never a straw to cling to
Or a beacon light for me.
The cold, relentless moonbeams
Bristle with scorn as I,
Sinking, sinking, sinking,
Searchingly scan the sky.

Helen Pfund '28

Beginning of Religion

Once God's name
Against a cliff
Was shouted
Echoes resounded,
Echoes
Echoes
Echoes of God's name
There were those
Who listened
And those
Who did not hear

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29

**"Caste"**

Cosmos Hamilton

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood.

WHEN Erskine Farquhar and his wife, Helen, are very young, they are forced into a marriage distasteful to both. Since they belong to New York society, they abhor the scandal that a divorce would cause, so, "for conventionality's sake", they live together a short period each year. Total strangers to one another, they have but one tie in common, their adored daughter, Jean. The young girl has grown up practically by herself, however, and as a result is perhaps one of the most modern young ladies of New York society.

During her life she has rarely seen her cosmopolitan father, but when she leaves the United States for Europe, unchaperoned, her parents are horrified. Farquhar, called home by his wife, just misses Jean, but he stays in New York to comfort his wife. For the first time in their "mismatched" life, they become really acquainted, and they pity each other. Upon receiving news from London stating that Jean is infatuated with a young Jewish musician, Farquhar and Helen, frantic, set out on a wild goose chase, after her. Finally catching the young couple in Paris, the Farquhars, involuntarily, are charmed by the youthful pianist, whose music is hypnotizing.

Max (an unromantic name for so romantic a young man), forced to return to New York by a cable stating that his father is very ill, arrives only to find his father opposed to the approaching wedding. Only Jean's pleasing personality and delightful comradeship change his mind. The awakening of Helen and Farquhar, woven in as a minor tale in this novel, shows what companionship may do for two people depending on each other for sympathy.

Max, bothered by hints dropped here and there, begins to doubt that he will ever make Jean happy. At a dinner given in his honor by the Farquhars, Max realizes he does not belong to Jean's "set", that he is altogether out of her class.

Departing during the night, he leaves New York and a heart-broken Jean far behind,—but both will be ever with him.

Thus ends this rather serious story of the problems encountered in this young civilized America, so free from caste, so democratic.

M. Keegan

The Bridge of San Luis Rey

Thornton Wilder

THE Bridge of San Luis Rey in the Country of Peru swung precariously over a deep chasm. Built by the natives it had been used for hundreds of years. Then suddenly it had fallen, carrying five travelers who were upon it at the time, to their death. Was it only an accident? Was it Divine intention? Could this catastrophe be explained?

The author attempts to find an answer to these questions by a thorough analysis of the life of each of the five victims. Each life has been entirely different—yet they had all reached a crisis—a turning point where there was promise of something better—and then the bridge fell.

The drawing of characters is very skillfully done as is necessary in a book of this type. Over the entire story, even where the action is fast, there broods an atmosphere of quiet and peace, a very unusual effect. Mr. Wilder has achieved something different, besides giving his readers something to think about.

Wilson Dunham

Traumerei

Leona Dalrymple

THE well-known musical composition "Traumerei," is undoubtedly beautiful, but the novel of the same name vies with it in beauty.

The plot of the novel is very simple, not differing greatly from that of the ordinary novel. A young American twenty-seven years old, rich, idle, a painter minus inspiration, also a master of piano and violin, comes into possession of a Stradivarius made in 1712. Having discovered the name of the owner, the young American departs for the quaint, undisturbed village in Italy, where the owner of the violin lives.

He rents a cottage there, managing to keep secret his purpose. On the very evening of his arrival he is seized with the inspiration for a picture. The subject is a young girl, beautiful and nymph-like; she proves to be the daughter of Berilota, the owner of the Stradivarius.

The young man returns the violin, and as is inevitable, the young couple discover that each loves the other. However, it is not the plot that makes the tale so interesting; it is the description,—the description of the lake at moonlight, of the flood of music released by the organ under the skilful fingers of "The Nymph of the Lake" that makes the novel so effective. Each bit is so marvelous in itself that the reader is curiously exultant when he reads of the exquisite portraying of "Traumerei" rendered on the Stradivarius.

Those who have read this book and played the piece will agree that although the composition is beautiful, the novel is even more so.

J. Abrahms

"Wings"

John Monk Saunders

TO those young warriors of the sky whose wings are folded about them forever, this book is reverently dedicated." And what could have been a more fitting tribute to those heroes than the story of a hero who lived to come home again? Johnny Powell is only a boy, eighteen years old, when the call to arms comes, yet he is one of the first to enlist. He passes his examinations and is sent to a flying field where he progresses rapidly.

After what seems to Johnny an eternity, he is sent "across". His courage is such that before long he is known throughout the barracks as the bravest of them all. He has shot down more German planes than any of his comrades and is daily adding to his record.

Dave Armstrong, a former rival, is now Johnny's pal, but after a misunderstanding with his buddy, Dave leaves,—never to return. When a day has passed, it is generally thought that Dave's plane has been shot by an enemy. However, this news doesn't affect Johnny—in the least. In reality, Dave has had trouble with his plane and has stolen a German one. The thought never occurs to him, that, once inside his own line he will be mistaken for a German, yet this is exactly what happens, and he is mortally wounded by his buddy.

When Johnny realizes what he has done, he sees how foolish was their quarrel, how insignificant. From this blow he never completely recovers. Of course, news of his victories reaches his home-town, Temple. When the armistice is signed, a glorious reception is planned for the returning hero. One feels sorry for poor Johnny, who, in all his misery, must listen to those fine speeches—reminders of all that he has suffered.

At last he finds the girl of his dreams waiting for him, and the curtain descends on this chapter of the life of a hero and a man who had a consuming love for his buddy.

Marie R. Hill '30

DATES ARE SO ANNOYING

Lem Launders (giving oral topic for Mr. Dunn): "Everyone should know that Abraham Lincoln was born in 18—er, that is, in a log cabin."
(Yes, he was impelled into the outer darkness).

* * * *

Miss Waite in Public Speaking, room 19: "Miss Severance, you don't speak loud enough to be heard in the auditorium."

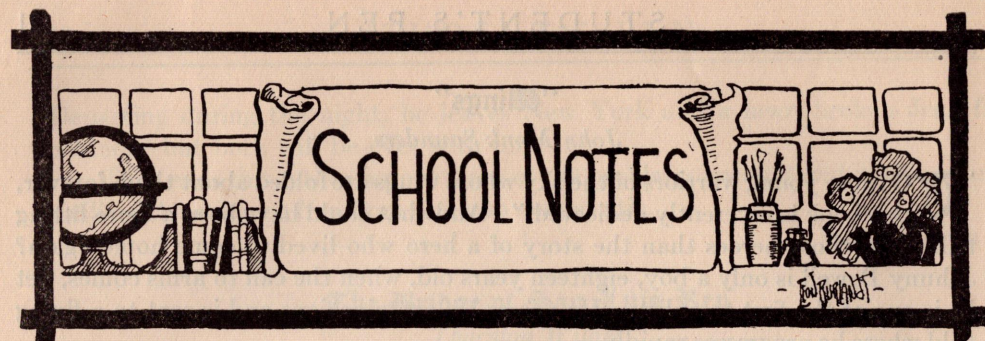
V. Severance: "Well, I really wouldn't want to disturb the orchestra, you know."

* * * *

Mr. Dunn (to M. Foley who has raised her hand several times and then changed her mind): "What is it, Miss Foley?"

M. Foley: "Oh, nothing!"

Mr. Dunn: "What is it you're doing then, gymnastic exercises?"



The Girls' Basketball Rally

On March 15th an assembly for girls was held under the supervision of the girls' basketball team. Ruth Cooke, the captain, acted as chairman and was the first speaker. Captain Cooke reminded the girls of the fact that Monday night was the first time in the history of the school that P. H. S. girls had encountered the St. Joseph girls in any branch of sport. Miss Nicholson, who spoke next, stressed the need of supporting the team. She told the girls that the team was a pioneer in P. H. S. and needed strong backing that they might reach their goal victoriously. Following Miss Nicholson's address, Mr. Strout said that he was very much in favor of girls' sports and wished them to be promoted as much as possible in the school. Coach Carmody, the next speaker, stated that it was the girls who backed the boys' teams, and now the time had come for the girls to support their own teams which deserved to be upheld by every girl in the school. The last speaker, Miss Henessey, the girls' coach, informed the assemblage that she was confident of the girls on the team. "This game," she said, "will not only show how the girls can play, but it will also prove that girls' as well as boys' sports can flourish in this school." Lastly, Barbara Couch and Vera Victoreen, the cheer leaders, lead the group in a few cheers.

Irene Lutz

Assembly for French Students

An assembly for French students was held on March 15th in the auditorium. Mr. Strout introduced Mr. Frank Crippen, who had kindly consented to show pictures of France, which he had taken during the second A. E. F. convention at Paris. Films of noted cathedrals, celebrated buildings, well-known boulevards, and famous old streets were presented. A number of scenes were shown of Orleans, the birthplace of Joan of Arc. Films were also shown of the battlefields, and Commander Crippen related several interesting incidents which had taken place there. Pictures of thousands of white crosses silently reminded us of the many lives that had been sacrificed for their country. Lastly we saw views of the return trip showing the severe storms which were encountered during the voyage, and of the arrival and reception of the A. E. F. in New York.

Ellen Davis

Rally for St. Joseph's Game

A rally for our last and perhaps most important game of the season was held in the auditorium on March 29th. John Donna acted as chairman and introduced the speakers in his usual witty manner. Mr. Strout was the first speaker and told of the high athletic standing and the good sportsmanship of both schools. Kirkland Sloper spoke next urging us to turn out one-hundred percent and back up the team to the best of our ability. The next speaker was Betty Young, who said that though our cheering was good there were yet chances of improving it. Next came Joe Hayes, who stated that it was our duty to support the team that they might end the season with a victory. John Donna then spoke about the pupil's attitude at the games, summing up his speech in two words: "Be sportsmen". The rally closed with some lively cheering and singing practice, led by Dave Dellert and George Bastow.

V. Victoreen

Assembly for Commercial Students

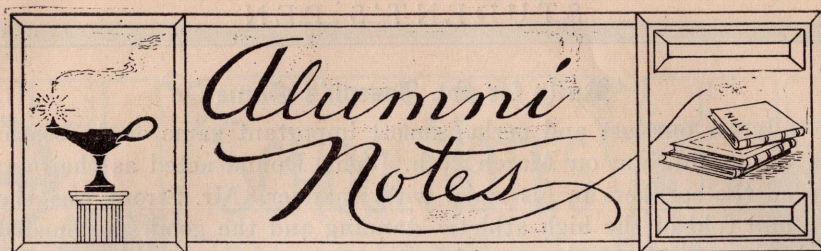
Through the kindness of Mr. Willis of the local Underwood Typewriting Office the pupils of Commercial High were given a very instructive program on March 20th. Mr. Ford introduced Mr. Willis, who spoke briefly presenting Mr. Howefield, the world's champion typist. Mr. Howefield gave a very instructive talk on the important things in typewriting, stressing the importance of accuracy, rhythm, concentration, position, and keeping one's eyes on the copy. Mr. Howefield also gave several interesting demonstrations showing the correct position of the hands, and how to insert and take out paper in a half second. Probably the most interesting part of the assembly was Mr. Howefield's demonstration of speed typing. He wrote 130 words a minute with no errors and 240 short words a minute with no errors. Mr. Howefield's work was posted in Room 1 at Commercial for several days and is an excellent model of skill and accuracy.

Stamp Assembly

The assembly of March 16th was in charge of Mr. Rothchild, a well-known stamp expert. The program opened with a march by the school orchestra, after which Mr. Strout introduced the speaker. Mr. Rothchild gave us a very interesting and unusual talk on the values and varieties of postage stamps. He exhibited stamps dealing with art, agriculture, astronomy, engineering, history, industry, literature, music, religion, and zoology. Mr. Rothchild also explained the terms, "freak stamp", "bogus stamp," and "bisects". We were also shown the smallest stamp, which is about a half of an inch square, and the largest stamp, which covered almost a half page in the album.

Practically all of this information was new to us, and much knowledge was gained from this talk. It was of especial interest to those planning to teach who can, according to Mr. Rothchild, make the school work more exacting and more interesting by employing the use of the postage stamp. Mr. Rothchild's collection is one of great value and has been exhibited in many different cities.

Ruth McGeoch



'12 RAY Watkins, a former Pittsfield High School athlete, has accomplished a great deal since he left the school in 1909. He attended Colgate University where he was so brilliant as a halfback that he was given All-American mention. During the World War he was in the aviation service and was flying in France the same day that Kermit Roosevelt met his death.

After the war Ray was coach successively at the Holderness School, Bates College and Rutherford High School. Following six years of successful coaching at Rutherford, he has recently been appointed director in charge of all freshman athletics at Colgate University.

'24 JUNE—Herbert Wollison, an Alpha Delta Phi man at Dartmouth, has recently been elected to The Dragon, a senior society in that college.

'26 JUNE—Mildred Rubin, a sophomore at Smith College, has passed the examinations which will allow her to spend her junior year in France doing specialized work. Thirty members of the Junior class go abroad annually to study languages, and return to Northampton in time to begin the work of the senior year.

David Thompson has decided upon a vocation and is studying at the New York School of Interior Decoration.

Several have entered upon business careers: Lila Burns is bookkeeping in the Albany Cash Market; Mary Coakley is employed in The Fashion Shop; and Margaret Henry has become an assistant to Dr. Head.

'27 FEBRUARY—Josephine Hollister, who is attending Skidmore, has been elected head of the freshman singing.

Eugene Pruyne has entered upon a nine month's course at the New York State Rangers' school, which is a branch of Syracuse University.

Robert Goodman is now employed in the Radio Base department of the General Electric.

Merrill Tabor and Herbert Volin have joined the office force of the Berkshire Life Insurance Co.

Erma Reed has become the wife of Allison Raynes, living in Richmond, Maine.

A number of this class have returned for post graduate courses. They are: Marion Bastow, Anna Coleman, George Loveless, and Donald Lyon.

JUNE:—In this class we find that Beatrice Thorning is working at the Eaton, Crane and Pike Co., while Irene Blais is with the Berkshire Life Insurance Co. Justine Madden is in the employ of Dr. Thomes and Marion McGee has returned for a post graduate course.

'28 FEBRUARY—Only two of this most recent class are away at school. Albert Barris and Sumner Gamwell are students at the Bryant-Stratton School of Business Administration in Boston.



New Britain 33--Pittsfield 23

After having won six games in a row, on March 3, the Pittsfield High team lost to New Britain (Conn.) High School, 33 to 23, at the Boys' Club.

Pittsfield was handicapped by the height of several of the opposing players who repeatedly intercepted our passes and turned them into baskets.

Pittsfield trailed 18 to 11 at the close of the first half but by hard fighting they managed to put a scare into Coach Cassidy's club by coming within a point of New Britain's score at the end of the third quarter, 20 to 19. However, early in the fourth quarter, the visitors piled up a comfortable lead and held it.

Bruno did the best work for Pittsfield by scoring nine points while Saunders, Zaleski, and Kraszewski excelled for New Britain.

Pittsfield 29--Rosary 10

Trespassing on a floor where they had been trounced once this year by Holyoke High, the Pittsfield High team fought hard and decisively defeated Rosary High 29 to 10.

During the first half the regulars outplayed the Holyoke boys and led, 18 to 1, when the whistle blew.

In the second half, Coach Carmody used the nine substitutes who made the trip and each one made an excellent showing.

The scoring honors were equally divided between Bruno, Brown, and the two Froios. Cauley did the best work for the losers.

Adams 20--Pittsfield 16

Alas, alas—on March 9, the Pittsfield High Basketball team journeyed to North Adams to play Adams High in the North Berkshire League playoff, and the team, playing a game that would have made grammar school children ashamed of themselves, lost 20 to 16. Thus, for the third year in succession, Pittsfield High has lost its chance for the championship in a playoff game.

Pittsfield led right up to the last quarter and then let the game slip right through its fingers. No one starred for Pittsfield although Bruno and Martin secured four points each. Tinney featured for Adams making ten points.

The City Series--Second Game St. Joseph's 15--Pittsfield 9

On March 15, Pittsfield High and St. Joseph's waged the second game of the city series in the Armory and the parochial team came out on top after a hard battle, 15 to 9.

During the week before this game, Pittsfield was unable to find a hall to practice in as the Boys' Club was being redecorated. If it had not been for this handicap, the result would have undoubtedly been in our favor.

The boys showed the lack of practice but they fought consistently throughout the contest.

At half time the score was 5 to 5 but during the second half, St. Joseph's gradually drew away and emerged a six-point victor. Boyd made several lucky one-handed shots that aided St. Joe greatly. He was also the high scorer of the game with eight points. Bruno made five points for Pittsfield and played a steller floor game.

Holyoke 31--Pittsfield 19

Holyoke, with a record of but two loses to date, invaded Pittsfield territory on March 28 and beat our team, as was expected. Holyoke, whose only setbacks were at the hands of Medford, the eastern New England Champions (they later trounced Medford at Holyoke), and York, Pa., is considered the best high school team in New England and it was far the best team that has appeared in Pittsfield in several years.

Despite the seemingly onesidedness of the game, the Boys' Club was packed and the crowd was given quite a thrill in the third quarter when Pittsfield came within two hoops of this fast-moving team.

The visitors scored first but Pittsfield was not long in getting started for Brown made good on two free tries. At the end of the first quarter Holyoke led 5 to 2 and at half time they were out in front 17 to 8.

The third quarter was the thrilling one for, by a hard uphill fight, Pittsfield cut down Holyoke's lead and at the end of that period the Papertown boys were ahead by the small margin of four points, 20 to 16. Holyoke then settled down and piled up points rapidly so that when the final whistle blew they were victors by a 31 to 19 score.

Gero was high scorer for Holyoke with 16 points but the main cog in the Holyoke machine was "Red" Rafferty, their six-foot-seven center, who repeatedly made use of his height. Bruno, Foster, and F. Froio were high scorers for Pittsfield with five points apiece.

The City Series--Third Game

St. Joseph's 26--Pittsfield 24

On March 31, the Armory was packed to capacity with about 2000 enthusiastic fans who had turned out to see the last game of the city series and the final game of the season in Pittsfield.

Everyone expected a battle royal and the supporters of the two schools cheered their favorite as each team made its appearance on the floor.

St. Joseph's started out in a whirlwind fashion and before the Pittsfield team could get their bearings, St. Joseph's was leading, 10 to 0, at the end of the first quarter.

Eddie Brown had been having trouble holding Joe Dunn down, for the St. Joe center made nine points in the first quarter. At this point in the game, Bill Kelly enter the game and *Dunn* was all *done* as far as scoring was concerned.

By a steady fight our team gradually crept up and at half time were trailing, 17 to 11.

Still undaunted, Pittsfield continued its attack in the second half and played St. Joe off its feet, for with but forty-five seconds to go, the score was 24 to 24. At this point "Red" Fox took Ray Boyd's place for St. Joe and with but thirty seconds to go, he threw the ball at the hoop and—it went sailing through the netting to win the game.

Pittsfield outplayed and outscored St. Joe in every quarter but the first and showed the old fight that had been missing since the game with Rosary on March 7.

Martin, playing his last game for P. H. S., came to the front and hooped nine points. Dunn, though he didn't score after the first quarter, made nine points for St. Joe and was high scorer for that team. Needless to say, Fox was the hero of the game.

Sidelights on the Season

Despite the fact we did not win any championships, the season was fairly successful. The team won 17 out of 25 games played.

Pittsfield High scored 648 points to their opponents 499 for the season.

The schedule was the hardest one played since 1924. Pittsfield met many excellent teams and the Pittsfield fans had a chance to see some mighty classy combines appear in the city, such as New Britain and Holyoke.

Coach Carmody worked hard to develop a championship team but the boys went back on him in the playoff with Adams.

The team will be rather hard hit by graduation for it will lose Bruno, Foster, Martin, Culverhouse, and Ellis. Nevertheless, many capable men are left that should develop a winning ball club such as O. Froio, F. Froio, Kelly, Schelsi, Hanford, Olson, and Harrison.

The *Student's Pen* picks an All-Berkshire team:

<i>Right Forward</i>	Bruno, Pittsfield
<i>Left Forward</i>	Bernasconi, Lenox
<i>Center</i>	Dunn, St. Joseph's
<i>Right Guard</i>	Foster, Pittsfield
<i>Left Guard</i>	Boyd, St. Joseph's
<i>Utility</i>	Martin, Pittsfield

SECOND TEAM

<i>Right Forward</i>	Roberts, St. Joseph's
<i>Left Forward</i>	Grant, Adams
<i>Center</i>	Elsden, Searles
<i>Right Guard</i>	Stanley, St. Joseph's
<i>Left Guard</i>	Haggarty, Adams
<i>Utility</i>	W. Beacco, Williams

The outlook for a successful baseball season is in view. Many veterans will be on the job including O. Froio, F. Froio, Foster, Kelly, Lankin, Bruno, and Aronstein. Many new faces will appear and all indications point that they will give the regulars a run for their positions. Billy Flynn, Story, Neisel and others will all make their first appearance under the purple and white.

After the championship game in North Adams on March 9th the Pittsfield High basketball team was entertained at "The Cheshire Cat", a tea room which is owned by Mrs. Bennett. The team had previously been invited to stop there on their return trip from Drury High and found some delicious hot chocolate and doughnuts awaiting them after their cold ride. The refreshments were served immediately on the arrival of the players and helped to refresh them after their hard battle. The fellows then spent a short time looking at the old masonic emblems for which the "Cheshire Cat" is noted.

The fellows on the team appreciated this little kindness and are indebted to Mrs. Bennett for the splendid hospitality which she showed them.

St. Joseph's 10—Pittsfield 9

On March 26, for the first time in the history of the two schools, the Pittsfield High girls and the St. Joseph girls met in an athletic encounter.

It was a hard fought battle and the passwork of both teams was excellent. Pittsfield led 5 to 0 at the end of the first half and was leading 8 to 4 when the third quarter closed.

St. Joseph's, by a steady fight, gained slowly and with but two minutes to play, Miss Stack sank a basket that put the parochial team ahead to stay.

Miss Mahavski was high scorer for Pittsfield while Miss Cardin did the best work for St. Joseph's.

Barbara Couch '29

Mrs. Bennett (to Martin in history class) "How was General Braddock killed?"

Martin: "He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went thru his clothes."

* * * *

"Sedentary work," said Mrs. Bennett, "tends to lessen the endurance."

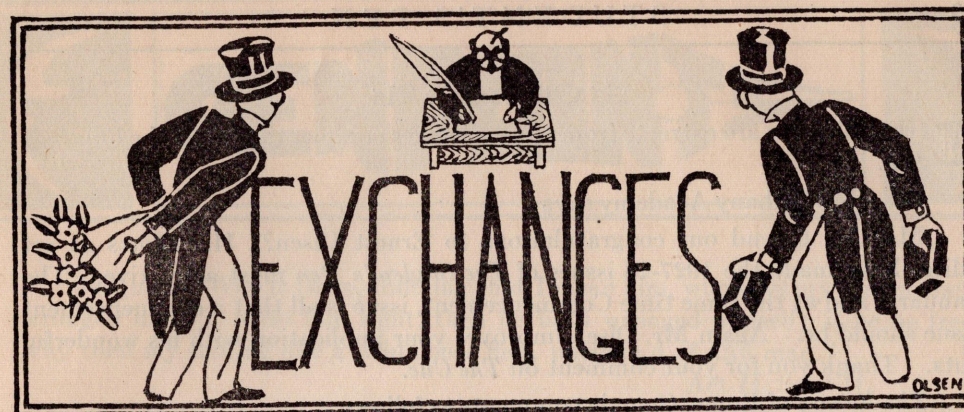
"In other words," remarked Mildred Klein, "the more one sits the less one can stand."

"Right. And if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."

* * * *

Harvey Loveless (looking at pictures of himself): "Which one do you like best?"

Edna Morton: "Well, personally, I think the one of you with the mask on is best."



Spring is here!

The Exchange Department has contracted that terrible disease called spring fever. We are restless today; we don't want to stay around and comment on exchanges. Why not go for a ride? No sooner said than attempted.

"George go hunt up a car."

George goes off and a few minutes later back he comes, but alas, without a car. He has only a horse and buggy.

"Hop in, fellows. Where shall we go?"

"Why not start for Buffalo," chirps Summy.

Well, anyway we are on our way to Buffalo. This old horse certainly can travel, for here we are in Buffalo gazing at the *Bennett Beacon*, which is certainly a well balanced magazine with good cuts and photographs. But we don't like the practice of continuing articles to the back of the magazine.

Next stop is Abington, Penn. where we meet *The Oracle*, a magazine of fine appearance with a great deal of variety in its material. Perhaps you might put all your poems under one department, but we enjoy you tremendously *Oracle*.

We next find ourselves at Lewiston, Penn. where we approach *The Lore* which has a large poetry section, but seems to lack stories, and a joke department.

At Far Rockaway, New York, we meet *The Dolphin*, an attractive magazine with an especially fine literary section. We suggest, however, a few more jokes to enliven the publication.

At Greenfield, Mass. there is *The Exponent*, a newsy little magazine. We like your literary material, but we do not care for the cover of your February issue.

We slap up our old horse and reach Gardner, Mass. to find the attractive *Argus*. It is a great joy to turn the pages of your magazine and pour over the interesting material. Why do you mix your school news with your alumni news?

Coming near home again, we see our friend, *The Drury Academe*. Your French Department is only one of the many fine sections of your magazine. We suggest another joke cut. We enjoy you, *Academe*. Come again.

Well, the old horse is feeling just a little stiff after all this driving, so he lies down to take a nap. We certainly can't travel without our horse, so I guess we shall have to end our journey.

As Others See Us

THE following are extracts from our exchanges commenting upon the *Student's Pen*.

The Cue of Albany Academy says:

May we extend our congratulations to Ernest Olsen? His efforts as art editor have made the 1927-28 issues of *The Student's Pen* most attractive. The January, and at the same time Commencement, issue is all that a commencement issue should be. Again Mr. Olsen improves your publication with his wonderful cuts. Thank you for your comment on *The Cue*.

The Roman of Rome, Georgia comments as follows:

Your magazine is well planned and we find it very interesting. We especially liked the articles on the habits and customs of the Indians. . . . On the whole your magazine is one of the best we have received and we have only one suggestion to make, that is, that you have more cuts.

The Argus of Gardner, Mass. says:

"Ouch! Talking about pen-points, *The Student's Pen* from Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass., is worth taking up. I'm glad there's one undesirable thing most schools have in common; confusion in corridors between periods. Her editorials on this subject are straight to the point and more interesting than some of the stories. A few more lively jokes would add much to our enjoyment."

The Holten of Danvers, Mass. writes:

Your cover design is always rather unusual. You must have many fine poets in your school.

The Red and White has the following comment:

Yours is a wonderful magazine not only because of its fine articles, but also because of its good arrangement and its neatness. We have just one suggestion: Put another cut in the place of that one of the ugly monster which heads your Essays and Specials. Such an unattractive cut for an attractive column! The editorials are especially interesting to us in R. H. S. since we face practically the same situation as you do. The Literature deserves our highest praise, especially Fumes from an Old Pipe. The poetry is as usual exceptionally good. The Book Lover's Corner is successful, you may be sure, for it has aroused in us a desire to read those very books reviewed in that column. We enjoy every bit of *The Student's Pen*.

The Purple and Gold of Milton, New Hampshire remarks:

Congratulations on your poetry department. We enjoyed your jokes immensely and hope you won't forget us.

We acknowledge the arrival of the following exchanges:

The Commercial News, New Haven, Conn.

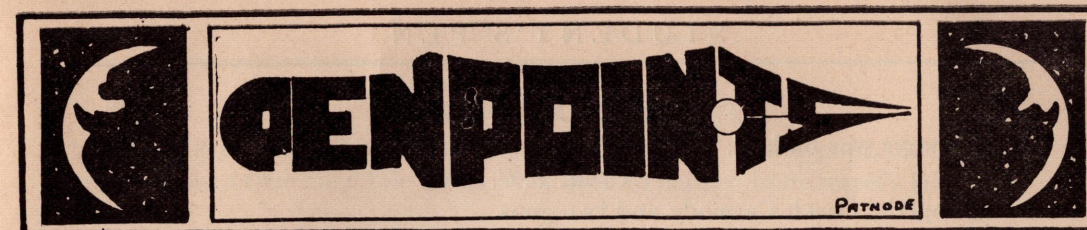
The Broadcaster, Morristown, N. J.

Murdock Murmurs, Wichendon, Mass.

The Cue, Albany, New York

The Salemica, New Salem, Mass.

The Red and Black, Claremont, New Hampshire



Jacques: "Who is there, thinking that I mean him, who says my tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right, then he hath wronged himself; if he be free, why then my talking like a wild goose flies, unclaim'd of any man."

Act II, Sc. VII,

"As You Like It"

* * * *

Student's Guide II

FOREWORD

THIS little booklet is published for the purpose of presenting, to the younger element of this illustrious school, a full knowledge of the manner in which this mart of education is run. We issue this as a compliment to the *Student's Pen*. We sincerely hope that the inspirational matter contained in this volume will wake in the hearts of the entering class the desire to cut corners on traffic cops.

Conduct

"Let your conscience be your guide."

Tardiness

See Dave Dellert.

Lunch Room

"Heaven help the poor sailors on a night like this."

Fire Drill

"An ever present help in time of trouble" especially in solid geometry.

Traffic Rules

1. Upon the ringing of the bell, everyone should rush immediately to the hall in hopes of creating a jam.

2. One must shout the chemistry assignment from one end of the hall to the other. It will probably be necessary to yell it over again, but that's all in the game.

3. Traffic officers are merely for the purpose of holding down loose boards. The left side of one is just as handy as the right.

4. It is advisable to hang around the hall till the bell rings, then rush madly for the next class.

CLUBS

Debating

From here come those hardy adventurers who fain would argue with Mrs. Bennett.

Current Events

Under Mr. Brierly's expert instruction everyone can tilt his chair more than forty-five degrees.

First Aid and Home Nursing

I always was bashful.

C. M. T. C.

Danger! Coach Carmody and two guns.

Public Speaking

More oral topics.

Dramatics

We hope for the best.

Radio

Dr. Edward J. Russel—a

Etiquette

Knife and pea jugglers.

Glee

Look at the condition of the auditorium.

Student's Pen

The greatest aid to unprepared Latin ever devised by man.

Wilson Dunham

WITH A BOW TO MOTHER GOOSE

A husky cheer leader

Sat in the corner

Eating an Eskimo pie.

He stuck in his thumb

And pulled out some gum

And cried: "'Rah for Pittsfield High."

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Head

request the pleasure of your company

at the opening of the

deficiency reports

of their son

Ignatz Adolphus

Fireworks from 5 until 7—Informal—R. S. V. P.

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett (on the 23d, the day of a western state primary): "What important event occurs today?"

De Fazio: "The first day of Spring."

* * * *

Visitor in Lanesboro: "About what is the population of this town?"

Evans Case: "About the Post Office, I reckon."

* * * *

Mr. Herrick: "How can you tell that that number is a perfect square?"

J. Cohn: "Oh, just a sort of a sixth sense."

* * * *

Overheard in a corridor. One sophomore to another.

"Say, wasn't that a great write-up on Initiative by Elbert Hubbard in the last *Students' Pen*? I wonder what year he's in."

The Children's Column

now, if you all will be good children and not tease for lollypops, uncle wiltsie will tell you a true fairy tale about what used to happen in dr russel's laboratory period.

in the first place everyone got there on time, and sam wood didn't forget his note book, and dr russel didn't need assistance to put on his raincoat, and he didn't pound the table with a hammer nor say, "arise from your lethargy." and edwin butler didn't start class by an imitation of all the animals in new lenox, and kirk sloper knew—yes knew—what it was all about, and no one broke anything, and sam wood didn't burn out the plumbing with aqua regia, and no one said, "haste into the antechamber", and everyone finished on time and no one tried to sneak out on the first bell.

and now, children, you must all go to bed and don't let thoughts of bogey men and mr strout disturb you, and next month uncle wiltsie will tell you another fairy story.

wiltsie dunham

"I don't see why old Smith is so angry with his son. The boy did just what he was told."

"What was that?"

"His father bid him go out and find an opening, and the next thing he sent his father word he was in a hole."

* * * *

Dear old lady (to boys leading chow dog that is pulling strenuously on its leash:)

"Why boys! you're choking that poor doggie. Just look! its tongue is purple."

* * * *

First Student (dismounting from bicycle): "I'm a little stiff from wheeling."

Second Imbecile: "I don't care where you're from, but don't try to get funny with me."

* * * *

THE 1928 SPORT MODEL MULE

When the donkey saw the zebra,

He began to switch his tail.

"Well, I never," said the donkey,

"Saw a mule that's been in jail."

* * * *

Visitor to Mr. Strout: "How many students have you here?"

Mr. Strout: "About half of them."

* * * *

Girl at lunch counter: "I don't like the ring of this quarter."

Sloper: "What do you want for a quarter—a peal of bells?"

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Opp. Palace Theatre

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of the Pittsfield High School, who are 16 years of age or over, are eligible for life insurance. Take a policy for the benefit of your parents, that they may, in a measure, be repaid for your education should anything happen to you.

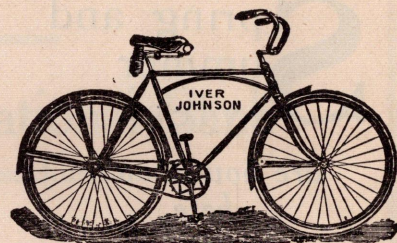
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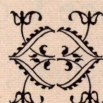
ENGLAND BROTHERS

Your Grandfather

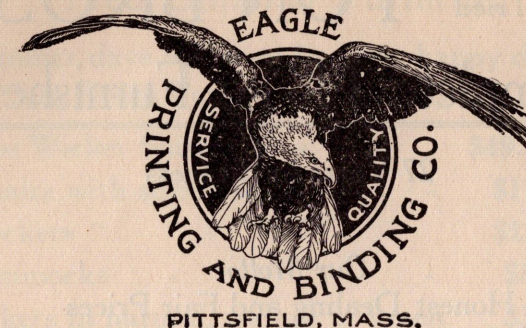
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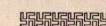
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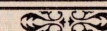
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IDEAS UNNECESSARY

G. Kenyon: "Why does the Editor always refuse your articles?"

S. Dixon: "Really, I haven't the slightest idea."

Kenyon again: "Perhaps that's the reason."

(Riot call was turned in on box 46)

* * * *

Father: "Say, my son, what do you think the descendents of the Brierlys have stood for all these years?"

Unambitious son: "Well, it's probably because they didn't sit down."

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"The Blue Boy"

(With Apologies to Gainsborough)

April, 1928